

THAT FASCINATING LETTER  
BY  
**CLARA BELLE**  
WILL APPEAR IN  
TO-MORROW'S EVENING WORLD.

**The EVENING EDITION**

Wilkie Collins's New Novel,  
**BLIND LOVE**  
THIRD INSTALLMENT  
In the Sunday World.  
BEGIN TO READ THIS THRILLING STORY WITH THE  
OPENING CHAPTERS.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

**In the Sunday World!**  
WOMEN IN ENGLISH POLITICS.  
MRS. ASHTON DILKE WRITES OF THE WIVES  
OF BRITISH STATESMEN AS OFFICIAL  
HOSTESSES.  
**THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.**  
A MONARCH WHO NEITHER DRINKS, SMOKES  
NOR KEEPS A HAREM.

EVERYBODY IS READING  
**WILKIE COLLINS'**  
GREATEST ROMANCE,  
**BLIND LOVE!**  
NOW RUNNING IN  
**THE SUNDAY WORLD.**  
THE PRECARIOUS CONDITION OF THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR  
MAKES THIS DELIGHTFUL ROMANCE DOUBLY INTERESTING.  
**BEGIN IT SUNDAY.**

**In the Sunday World!**  
BILL NYE IN PARIS.  
ASTONISHING POINTS OF INTEREST HE HAS  
DISCOVERED IN THE GAY FRENCH  
CAPITAL.  
WOMEN WHO BACK RACERS.  
FEMININE SPORTS AND THEIR BETS ON FA-  
VORITE HORSES AND JOCKEYS.

**LAST EDITION  
AT WORK!**  
The Corps of Free Doctors Begin  
Their Rounds.  
Nell Nelson Describes a Tour Through  
the Tenements.  
Read Her Story and Then Send  
in Your Subscriptions.

beg the privilege of putting up, free of charge, all prescriptions given by The Evening World doctors to the sick children of the Fourth and Seventh wards. Hoping that this will be followed by a similar action on the part of other houses in other sections, we are, sir, yours respectfully,  
Doe, Bonnell & Co.

SOME SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.  
Here are a few of the suggestions made by Director Foster to his staff which will bear repeating:  
Show a kindly interest in the family you treat.  
Fresh air, cold water and cleanliness are very often the most valuable medicines you can prescribe.  
Incidentally you can render most valuable assistance by a little advice to a mother in the care of her rooms, her children and herself. Caution her about the dangers of using green frills. Advise them not to use nursing-bottles with a tube, as they are seldom properly cleaned, and the smallest accumulations becoming putrid are sufficient to poison the fresh milk as soon as it is poured into the bottle. The rubber nipple is the best for the health of the child, although less convenient, as the mother is obliged to hold both bottle and baby. Show the parent how to rinse the bottle and turn the nipple inside out so as to cleanse it thoroughly.

and gutter-stained little boys, infants red with rash and prickly heat, wizen-faced creatures not yet in their teens carrying younger brothers or sisters and straining every muscle to bear the load. In all the twenty we counted there was not one pair of shoes, stockings, drawers, or rosy cheeks.

A PITIFUL SIGHT.  
In the back flat on the ground floor there were two little girls with whooping cough, one three and the other two years of age. The elder, a pretty blue-eyed, yellow-haired child, lay on the floor under the kitchen table in a stupor. She seemed too weak to move, and the doctor lifted her up and tenderly laid her in a chair. While he prescribed for her I watched the other child propel itself across the rough board floor, clad only in a coarse diaper, made of old sheeting. Her little heels were red and sore, and there was no flesh enough on the body to cover the ribs. On the floor, in the corner of the room, stood a brown-stone crock, filled with warm water, in which lumps of bread were soaking, and this the children ate whenever they were hungry. When the doctor told her such food was unfit for children, she said: "But you do not know how glad they are not to go hungry."

Three, four, seven, nine, fifteen babies in the next building, pale, puny, hungry, languishing babies dying among the fumes of steaming wash-boilers and ironing-boards, and the poisoned air from dark, dank rooms and sinks.

The doctor was as tender as a human being could be, as faithful and solicitous as though the case was golden-framed, and the adults who begged for assistance and whose suffering he could not alleviate at once were provided with his card and a special hour set for treatment at his office.

We left Essex street at noon, followed by a crowd of half-naked children, hungry, dirty and fretful, clamoring for "scarsion tickets."

The doctors will have them for future rounds thanks to the St. John's Guild, which has sent \$500 for distribution.

In all the rooms, from basement to house-top, in the front and back flats of main and rear buildings, we did not meet with a single case of intemperance. Not one.

**SHE MAY BE DUCKED**  
Mrs. Brady, She's a Lady, Indicted as a Common Scold.  
And the Law Prescribes the Ducking Stool as Punishment.  
You May Scold All You Like in New York, but Not in Jersey.

"Mrs. Brady," she's a lady, and she has attained a distinction which places her in the van of Jersey ladies. She has the distinguished honor of being the first lady of New Jersey—to be indicted as a common scold.

And she doesn't like it.

There is no such offense in the State of New York, and scolds may wag their tongues as much as they please.

The statutes of New Jersey are also silent as to the matter of scolding women, and that is just how it happens that Mrs. Brady was indicted for the absence of any statute concerning any of the ancient offenses the common law prevails. The common law is the law of custom, and Bouvier's Law Dictionary says of this offense:

Common scold. A woman who, in consequence of her boresome, disorderly and quarrelsome tongue, is a public nuisance to the neighborhood.

Such a woman may be indicted, and, on conviction, punished. At common law the punishment was by being placed in a certain engine of torture called the duck or ducking stool.

This punishment has been abolished by statute in Pennsylvania, but the offense is still retained in the calendar, and the offense may be punished by fine and imprisonment.

And so Mrs. Mary Brady was accused by Mrs. Winifred Brady, who lives opposite in Van Houten street, Lafayette, Jersey City, with being a common scold and a neighborhood nuisance. She was indicted and will be tried before Judge Lippincott in the Hudson County Court of General Sessions on Monday next.

District Attorney Winfield says: "If she persists before a jury as she did in Justice Lewis' court, she will convert herself too easily into a ducking stool."

But smiling Max Salinger, who will defend her, says it's all nonsense.

An Evening World reporter went down into Van Houten street to-day, and approached the corner grocery of Dan Manahan, a twinkling-eyed little Irishman, who looks like the man who gave Bernum his turn.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked, looking at his little black eyes.

"There never was a finer man than Barney Brady, who was a lieutenant on the bay, and Pat Dooly's as fine as silk, but the woman—"

Dan's hands went up and his eyes rolled as he continued, desperately: "You know women! About a month ago Mrs. Brady sent for me to come and see her. She was in a bad way. She wouldn't be home for a week, and she'd be locked up over night if I didn't go to her. So I went. Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Dooly had a can of beer. If you'd seen the go'n' on at the judge's."

"It is the beer, Judge," says I, and I bailed Mrs. Brady out.

"She's a fine woman with three or four children, and Mrs. Dooly is a fine, sharp, neat little body too. Is she forty? Ah, yes, and more nor that. You'll find Mrs. Brady down just to the little one-story house. I'd rather go down."

Mrs. Brady received the reporter in her wrapper and a big arm-chair. She sighed asthmatically and rolled her small eyes dreadfully. "She is a fine body and weighs 250 pounds. She has a voice as soft as velvet and a manner subdued in the extreme."

"The trouble all began last winter, when a Mrs. Marshall lived next door. Her water pipes burst, and my cellar was flooded. I spoke to the agent and the water was turned off. Mrs. Marshall was not a desirable neighbor, and she abused me."

"Among the many chances taken on the different floors, we take great pleasure in announcing that the elegant French doll was won by Mr. Curry. A very fine box of Mail-lards' candy was won by Miss Bessie Stein.

A handsome embroidered apron was won by Mr. Frohlichstein. A grand pin cushion was won by Mr. Sternbach. The black satin purse was won by Miss Nellie Beilfield. A hand-painted banner by Mrs. Leon. A beautiful pair of oil paintings was bought by Mr. Glas.

The proceeds of the fair will be about \$100, which we will bring into you as soon as we can settle the accounts. Very sincerely yours,  
JOSEPH SCHATTMAN, Manager.  
Mrs. S. A. COHEN, Assistant.

**HAS LAW LOST \$30,000?**  
There is a story afloat that George Law, the wealthy and somewhat erratic New Yorker, has been forced out of \$30,000 in Phil Daly's gambling-house at Long Branch.

It is said that Law was followed by the gang that usually accompanies him from Saratoga to the West End Hotel where he usually stops, and that on Tuesday night they succeeded in catching him alone, and while in a somewhat libelous condition he was steered into Daly's and plundered of \$30,000.

The story goes that Law told the tale himself, and said that he did not remember anything that happened except that he made several thousand-dollar bets. When he was through he was informed that he owed \$30,000.

An Evening World reporter talked with several men about town this morning, and the prevailing opinion was that Law had really lost the money, but that he had been deceived by doubtful players.

"What?" said a man in the Hoffman House, "I should say not. George Law may have lost that amount, but you may be sure that Phil Daly never had a hand in a dishonest dealing of that sort."

**LAST EDITION  
ON THE ROAD.**  
John L. Resumes His Roundabout  
Way to New York.  
He Is Expected to Make a Run Into  
Canada.  
A Kilrain Laugh on the Cincinnati  
Chief of Police.  
Jake Said to Be Speeding Cheerily to  
Baltimore.

**Generous Druggists Agree to Furnish  
Free Prescriptions.**  
SINCE YESTERDAY NOON.  
**Children's Deaths (in New York City) 107**  
THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

**ON THE PHYSICIAN'S ROUNDS.**  
Nell Nelson Accompanies One of the Corps and Describes the Day's Work.

Dr. Freeman, a member of the corps, started early on his rounds in a downtown district, and I went with him. It was 9 by the gilded clock in Ridley's when we turned into Essex street. The first call was made at No. 10.

No children on the lower floor. In the rear flat on the second floor, a pale-faced woman with sunken eyes and colorless lips came to the door.

"Any sick children?" inquired the doctor, with a pleasant good morning.

"No, I buried my little one yesterday," she said, and sadly turned away to finish folding the little cotton dresses.

THE FIRST PATIENT.  
In the adjoining room we found a mother and her three little children, aged three years, eighteen months and twelve weeks respectively. An oil stove and a rocking chair were all the furniture the room contained. One little child lay on a straw pillow in the rocker, and on the floor were the sad-faced mother and her dimple-cheeked black-eyed boys, beautiful and winsome in spite of their poverty. The only article of any value about the place was the wadding ring on the mother's left hand. She was in her bare feet; so were the children. The emaciated babe lay wrapped in a piece of honeycomb quilt. Its eyes were closed and we could almost count the throbbing pulse in the little temple.

"Have I a doctor? Ah, no. Doctors cost money. We have none. My husband makes button-holes in the shop. He earns \$10 a month sometimes."

Dr. Freeman wrote a prescription, and when he told her the medicine would not cost even a penny, she raised her face to the smoke-streaked ceiling and I thought I could hear the silent prayer that moved her lips. Then her eyes filled, and when her mischievous little girl made a grab at the doctor's pencil a faint smile drove her tears back.

"I can't begin to tell you of the poverty of that home."

There was no table in the room—nothing but sickness, poverty, want—and yet the little girl won our hearts and her little brother was as gay as a bobolink.

In the next tenement we found a gentle-voiced patriarch at a little table, with one book and eighteen small boys, to whom he was giving a lesson in Hebrew.

"All well, praise be to Jehovah," he said in reply to the doctor.

On our way up the ladder-like stairs of No. 10—Essex, we came upon a Russian mother only thirty-eight years of age, in whose face and hair and form the cares of sixty were stamped. She was leaning by the head of a four-year-old boy dressed in a nightgown made of cotton flannel, with drawers and waist in one piece, such as children wear in winter.

SUFFERING FROM A CATARACT.  
The poor child had cataract of the eye. He had never been taken to a physician, for there were five other children to be fed and cared for, and all the money went for rent. Dr. Freeman wrote the address of an oculist on an Evening World blank, but the mother refused to take it until assured that the specialist would treat the case for nothing.

"And he will give the little one sight because The Evening World asked?" Then God bless the paper forever," she said.

Overhead we found five fretting babies, for whom the doctor prescribed a warm bath, a change of food and a ride on the ferryboat.

A SWARM OF CHILDREN.  
In No. 10, adjoining, we actually walked over children, who crowded the court that separated the "double deckers," as they are called. The janitor had just washed off the stone paving and the half-naked little ones rolled about and laughed gleefully as their naked limbs and bodies came in contact with the cool black stone.

There were pale-faced girls, sun-browned

**THE DEATH RATE.**  
One Hundred and Seven Children Have Died Since Yesterday Noon.

The murky atmosphere has had a serious result on children in closely crowded tenement houses for several days, and the death rate has run up pretty high. During the twenty-four hours ending at noon to-day, 175 deaths were reported to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, at the high rate of 1,225 for a week. Of the 175, 107 children under five years of age furnished 107, an unusually heavy proportion of deaths.

Cholera infantum is the chief cause of mortality among the little ones. Dr. Nagle says that poor ventilation, heat and poor nourishment contribute largely to the strikingly premature deaths. The principal cause of death in the aggregate of these 107 children are:

Cholera infantum	73
Diarrhea and dysentery	19
Whooping cough	10
Marasmus	8
Scrophulous	2
Other diseases	2
Total	107

**THAT SOCIAL SEVEN FAIR.**  
It Will Net About \$100 for the Free Doctor Fund.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The closing of the grand parlor fair in aid of The Evening World Sick Babies' Fund, took place last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cohen, 205 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. The counters were kept quite busy and, at 10 o'clock, Mr. Henry Doblen, the well-known auctioneer, disposed of all surplus articles at astonishing figures. Great credit must certainly be given to those seven little girls, whose ages range from five to fifteen years. Every one of them worked very hard to prove this grand fair a success. May this charitable example of those seven little girls who so nobly helped the sick and suffering be followed by others. The names of the Social Seven are: Miss Lizzie B. Odell, President; Miss Ray Stern, Secretary and Treasurer; Miss Elsie Cohen, Miss Nellie Beilfield, Miss Lucy Shenberg, Miss Grace Phelps, Miss Bessie Stein. They were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cohen, Miss Stella Cohen, Miss L. Simons, Miss Sadie Goodman, Miss Isabelle Phelps, Miss L. Simons, Miss Flora Shenberg, Mr. L. Cohen, Mr. Jos. Sebastian.

Among the many chances taken on the different floors, we take great pleasure in announcing that the elegant French doll was won by Mr. Curry. A very fine box of Mail-lards' candy was won by Miss Bessie Stein. A handsome embroidered apron was won by Mr. Frohlichstein. A grand pin cushion was won by Mr. Sternbach. The black satin purse was won by Miss Nellie Beilfield. A hand-painted banner by Mrs. Leon. A beautiful pair of oil paintings was bought by Mr. Glas.

The proceeds of the fair will be about \$100, which we will bring into you as soon as we can settle the accounts. Very sincerely yours,  
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**PINKERTON MEN GOING ON.**  
Sheriff McCallister also left for Homestead at 11 o'clock, with 100 deputy sheriffs.

It is violent that serious trouble is expected among the strikers at the Carnegie Iron Works.

**SKIPPING OUT OF NASHVILLE.**  
Nashville, Tenn., July 12.—John L. Sullivan and Charlie Johnston did not linger long in the hands of the Nashville authorities, and they are now, so far as is known here, again on their journey towards New York.

Judge McCallister was easily convinced by argument and cited precedent that Sullivan, having been guilty only of a misdemeanor, was not a subject for extradition, and the big fellow was speedily discharged.

John L. and his friend indulged in some muttering and grumbling at the detention here, but were more than well pleased at the speedy issue in their favor.

It was thought by some that they might be detained on a local charge of robbing the court-room, and a big crowd of people, many of whom tried to get a chance to grasp his hand, watched his departure by carriage for North Nashville.

In ordering the release of the prisoners Judge McCallister emphatically denied the authority of the officers, under the law, to act as they had done, and said that to hold the men longer would be a most arbitrary act.

**DODGING OUT OF INDIANA.**  
A Sheriff and His posse Outwitted by K. K. Klan's Friends.

COLUMBUS, Ind., July 12.—The Kilrain party, which left this city in carriages early last night, went direct to Ellettsburg, a small town ten miles north of here on the J. & M. and I. Railroad.

Sheriff Smith, of this county, and his posse reached that place in hot pursuit of the fugitives about two hours after their arrival there.

The numerous admirers of Kilrain at Ellettsburg, learning that he was about to be arrested, assisted in concealing the party and threw the officials off the track.

About 12 o'clock last night a carriage containing the pugilists left Ellettsburg and took the road leading to Shelbyville, twenty miles distant.

Nothing since has been heard from them. Officers are still on their track.

One reporter from Ellettsburg states that Kilrain was not in the carriage which left there, but boarded the north-bound passenger train at midnight for Chicago all alone.

This report, however, is not believed to be correct.

**JAKE IN OHIO.**  
He and His Party Pass Springfield Bound for Cleveland.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 12.—Jake Kilrain and his party passed through here this morning. They were en route to Cleveland, whence they expected to continue their journey to Baltimore.

**KILRAIN WAS FOREWARNED.**  
And That's How a Great Laugh Comes on the Cincinnati Chief of Police.

CINCINNATI, O., July 12.—The city is enjoying a hearty laugh this morning over the outwitting and discomfiture of Chief of Police Deitch and four of his detectives.

(Continued on fourth page.)

**THE DOCTORS' CORPS ASSEMBLES.**  
Instructions as to the Methods of Their Daily Work.

Early yesterday morning, about the time you were sipping your coffee and nibbling your breakfast roll, Dr. M. L. Foster, the Director of The Evening World's corps of Free Physicians, sat in his office, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, surrounded by the staff of ten bright young doctors, who are to give professional attention, without charge, to the sick children of the poor, during the torrid midsummer.

The doctor called the roll. All were present and ready for work. The instructions were clear, brief, pointed and pertinent. Everybody understood them. Medicine, hygiene, diet and the places at which prescriptions would be filled free, or at a nominal sum, were carefully considered, and, after a thirty minutes' talk, that an entire newspaper could not contain, the director inquired if there were any questions.

THE PHYSICIAN'S OUTFIT.  
Any? There were 500 at least, and they were answered as soon as asked. Then each physician was provided with a notebook containing his name and address, with the boundaries of the district in which he is expected to work; a summary sheet for his report; a prescription book, and 100 copies of The Evening World's rules for the care of infants, printed in English and German, for distribution throughout the seventeen districts into which the city has been divided for systematic work.

"Now, gentlemen, you have my orders. Fidelity and zeal are expected of you. You will submit a report of your day's work every evening. Good morning and good luck go with you."

FIVE OF THE DISPENSARIES IN THE CITY had sent letters granting The Evening World's corps the privilege of sending prescriptions to them for free or cheap medicines. They are the Bellevue, Eclectic, Five Points House of Industry, Trinity, No. 209 Fulton street, and Northeastern. The Northeastern, No. 37 Essex street, was the first dispensary heard from, and generously volunteered free drugs.

GENEROUS DRUGGISTS.  
Letters were received from several druggists—Doe, Bonnell & Co., 45 Catharine street; Mr. Jackson, 84 Catharine street, and Mr. Lewis, corner of Norfolk and Livingston streets—offering to fill every prescription written on an Evening World blank for nothing.

These kind offers are all accepted, and it is hoped that druggists in other parts of the city will follow the noble example. The letter of Messrs. Doe, Bonnell & Co. was as follows:

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We realize that there are many poor and deserving people who, although benefited by the advice and skill of your eminent physicians, would still find it a very difficult matter, on account of their needy condition, to provide themselves with the medicines prescribed.

We would, therefore, as our contribution to the good work inaugurated by The Evening World for the sick babies of the city,

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**SEVEN PEOPLE WERE HURT.**  
The Nevada Bank Has a Judgment Against Him for \$1,032.

Stephen W. Dorsey is in contempt of Court, and is liable to arrest therefor.

The Nevada Bank of San Francisco has an unpaid Supreme Court judgment for \$1,032.76 against the Arizona ranchman and ex-starator contractor, and recently obtained an order requiring him to appear in Supreme Court and be examined as to his property.

Mr. Dorsey failed to appear, and Messrs. Shapman, Laroque, A. Choate, counsel for the bank, applied to Judge O'Brien, in Chambers, for an order compelling Dorsey in contempt and fixing him the amount of the old judgment.

Judge O'Brien granted the possible arrest of the famous politician.

The proceeding was an ordinary, formal one. The attorney for the bank presented their motion for making a prima facie case of contempt against Mr. Dorsey. I signed the order, and the sheriff will bring him here to show a sufficient excuse for his apparent contempt.

In a trial many of such cases the defendant makes himself out of the contempt by showing some good reason for his failure to appear in response to the summons.

No objection had been made against Mr. Dorsey on a misapprehension as to dates.

If he offers a sufficient excuse, and fails to pay the judgment or submit to supplementary examination, he will be sent to jail.

This, however, is very unlikely.

**NO INDICTMENT FOUND YET.**  
Considerable excitement exists among the employees of the Aqueduct Commission since it is learned that Commissioner Scott has been before the Grand Jury, endeavoring to secure an indictment against the men who were indicted for the murder of John J. McLaughlin.

Who the offender is and what his offense is a matter of wild conjecture on the part of the men, and an indictment has not been returned.

Both Commissioner Scott and Secretary John C. Sheehan have testified before the Grand Jury, and the trial will begin on Monday.

From all that an Evening World reporter could learn regarding the matter it appears that the employees of the Aqueduct Commission are being indicted for the murder of John J. McLaughlin.

It is quite possible that the Grand Jury may refuse to indict.

**BEATEN BY HER AUNT.**  
Pretty Little Mary Driscoll a Complainant in the Yorkville Court.

Mary Driscoll, a pretty thirteen-year-old girl, appeared in the Yorkville Police Court this morning, as complainant against her aunt, Catherine Driscoll, of 105 East Tenth street, whom she charges with assault.

No indictment had been found against Mary yesterday and it is quite possible that the Grand Jury may refuse to indict.

Oh, it's almost nothing," replied the reporter, seriously. "If you are contented the punishment really amounts only to a nice bath."

"You see they put you in a chair fastened by the neck to a wall, like a country well-sweep. Then they lower you and the chair into the river and raise you all over in the delicious water. Then they beat you up and leave you there for an hour or so to rip out nicely. Then they duck you again. I've done this a half dozen times and that's all there is of it."

The more than ample bosom of Mrs. Brady was palpitating like the billows of the ocean.

**THE DOCTORS' CORPS ASSEMBLES.**  
Instructions as to the Methods of Their Daily Work.

Early yesterday morning, about the time you were sipping your coffee and nibbling your breakfast roll, Dr. M. L. Foster, the Director of The Evening World's corps of Free Physicians, sat in his office, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, surrounded by the staff of ten bright young doctors, who are to give professional attention, without charge, to the sick children of the poor, during the torrid midsummer.

The doctor called the roll. All were present and ready for work. The instructions were clear, brief, pointed and pertinent. Everybody understood them. Medicine, hygiene, diet and the places at which prescriptions would be filled free, or at a nominal sum, were carefully considered, and, after a thirty minutes' talk, that an entire newspaper could not contain, the director inquired if there were any questions.

THE PHYSICIAN'S OUTFIT.  
Any? There were 500 at least, and they were answered as soon as asked. Then each physician was provided with a notebook containing his name and address, with the boundaries of the district in which he is expected to work; a summary sheet for his report; a prescription book, and 100 copies of The Evening World's rules for the care of infants, printed in English and German, for distribution throughout the seventeen districts into which the city has been divided for systematic work.

"Now, gentlemen, you have my orders. Fidelity and zeal are expected of you. You will submit a report of your day's work every evening. Good morning and good luck go with you."

FIVE OF THE DISPENSARIES IN THE CITY had sent letters granting The Evening World's corps the privilege of sending prescriptions to them for free or cheap medicines. They are the Bellevue, Eclectic, Five Points House of Industry, Trinity, No. 209 Fulton street, and Northeastern. The Northeastern, No. 37 Essex street, was the first dispensary heard from, and generously volunteered free drugs.

GENEROUS DRUGGISTS.  
Letters were received from several druggists—Doe, Bonnell & Co., 45 Catharine street; Mr. Jackson, 84 Catharine street, and Mr. Lewis, corner of Norfolk and Livingston streets—offering to fill every prescription written on an Evening World blank for nothing.

These kind offers are all accepted, and it is hoped that druggists in other parts of the city will follow the noble example. The letter of Messrs. Doe, Bonnell & Co. was as follows:

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